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The Middlebury Register

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Sutherland's Falls.

BY "YE CHILDE."

Slowly, idly, moves the river

Toward its goal,

Winding sluggish through the meadow,

'Neath the mountain's ragged shadow,

Stretching out in darkness o'er,

Where the elm trees, arched above,

Gothic roof the lonely water.

Silent, save when the startled otter

Dives with a splash; or the loon's wild cry

Wakes the echoes in shrill reply.

Now stopping to frolic in circling eddy,

Where the insects for frolic wait ever ready,

Now marching in silence deep and grand,

Now rippling over a gravelly strand;

Till it reaches a limestone point, white

And narrow, where with a live delight

The woodland wild and the fox grape climb,

Faunting their tendrils in every rim;

And draping the limestone's pearly wall

With a wild grace lacking in palace hall.

Here the river's pace grows quicker,

Waves with waves begin to bicker;

Madly they buffet the living stone,

Surging its base with dash and groan.

Above the craig for aye has stood,

Cravelling waving, a cedar wood.

Watching through all its long green life,

The waters below, in their fierce strife.

Nothing it cares when the foaming surge

Goes in fear down the rock's dark verge,

Pauses an instant—and lavishing its roar,

Trembles in terror—then plunges o'er.

Down—down it falls, and its cry is dismal,

As in anguish it hurls in the depth abyssal;

Then exhausted it walls all updriven in dread

It springs with a cry from its adamant bed—

On—on it leaps, awe-struck, fleeing wild down the

crags!

At no rock does it pause, at no leap does it lag

Till white with its fear and foaming with rage,

Panting, all breath-sear at the craig foot 'tis

lying.

March, 17th, 1850. —Lowell Corrie.

Western Correspondence.

NUMBER SEVEN.

The comparative rank of Indiana—Her

Schools—Manner of raising wheat—Dutch

Ladies—Villages of Southend, Misawaka,

and Elkhart—Demand for laborers and

Mechanics—The Mormon preacher—Man-

ner of taking Deer—The disappointed Gold

Hunter.

DOOR PRIZE, IND.

The state of Indiana holds no mean

rank among her sister States in point of

productions and business pursuits. Her

soil and climate are adapted to the

growth of most of the productions of the

New England and many of the Middle

States. In 1848, it was estimated that

the value of the crops in the United

States exceeded \$640,000,000. The

value of live stock on farms, was esti-

mated at over \$557,000,000, and the

capital invested in manufactures for the

same time at \$343,300,000. The sums

invested in merchandise were \$322,000,

exclusive of \$149,000,000 employed in

the commission business and foreign

trade. The aggregate of the produc-

tions and business of our country

then amounted to the enormous sum

of more than two thousand millions of

dollars. Of this sum, Indiana had em-

ployed in manufacturing over \$4,000,

000. She raised over \$70,000 worth of

tobacco—rising to \$90,000 in wheat

and other crops, while the value of her

live stock would compare well with

that of neighboring states, and the cap-

ital employed in trade was equal to

three and a half millions. She has paid

considerable attention to education. She

has within her limits four Colleges, and

fifty-four Academies, all in a flourishing

condition. At Laporte, there is a dis-

tinguished medical institution, where

physicians are manufactured for home

consumption. There is considerable

grain in the state. We passed over

"Terrapra, Rolling and Door prairie."

The raising of wheat is the principal

business on these prairies. The farmers

are becoming wealthy, if one might

judge by their dwellings, and the ap-

parent thrift and comfort about them. The

weaving, spinning, washing, and churning,

and occasionally assist in raking,

reaping, and binding, besides doing sun-

dry other chores, all useful in their na-

ture. By the term *ladies* I must not

be understood as meaning any of our

drawing room compounds, whose claims

to that title are so seldom questioned.

The *ladies* we speak of were real pro-

ducers, instead of consumers; they were

blooming and healthful specimens of

nature's best handiwork—creatures of

flesh and blood, who were not afraid of

being fanned by the free winds of heav-

en, and who, at the sight of a spider,

would not fall into paroxysms of fear,

and screech delightfully for protection

and support.

The St. Joseph river, which rises in

Michigan, takes a turn through the north-

ern part of Indiana in the form of a

crescent, or rainbow. It is a broad and

deep stream, of the size of Otter Creek,

in Vt. It has many excellent mill priv-

ileges, which have laid the foundation of

several flourishing villages. Southend,

Misawaka, Elkhart, and Bristol, are all

on this river, lying in Indiana. The vil-

lage of Southend takes its name from

its location, it being on a bend of the

river, from which place it takes a north-

western course, and winds its way to

lake Michigan. It is a place of con-

siderable business, but not as handson-

ly laid out as good towns would have

been. A few miles south of this vil-

lage, we were pointed out the rise of

land, from which the waters flow both

east and west, one portion finding their

way to the Atlantic, through the St.

Lawrence, and the other through the

valley of the Mississippi. Misawaka is

situated four miles above Southend, on

the same or south side of the stream.

This place retains its Indian name, and

is quite a handsome place. The main

street is nearly a half mile in length, and

is completely built with stores and

business offices. It has, we should

judge, some 2000 inhabitants. Elkhart

is situated some twelve miles farther up

the river. It is located on a bend of the

St. Joseph, and skirted on the east by

the Elkhart river. Abundance of hy-

draulic power is at command, and is

somewhat improved. The village plot,

for a number of years, was tied up in

law for a title, which retarded the growth

of the place, but it nevertheless con-

tinued to advance steadily. The laws

of the land having, some three years

since, placed the fee of the soil in the

hands of Dr. Beardsley, a resident of the

place, a new impetus has been given to

its growth, increase of population, and

settlement of various mechanics, to

supply the rich country round about. Build-

ings are going up in various localities.

A block nearly finished for P. Marchess,

Esq., is an ornament to the place. It is

calculated for stores, a mechanic lodge,

add fellows' hall, a telegraph office, and

lawyers' offices. There are now in the

village some ten stores. If streets

through with farmers' teams are any in-

dex of trade, this village is apparently

in a flourishing condition. At noon

there were 61 to be counted. They are

carried loaded with grain of various kinds,

principally wheat. The merchants are

extensively engaged in purchasing the

surplus products of the farmer, of every

kind, which is loaded down the St. Jo-

seph to Niles, whence, by rail road

or steam boat around the Lakes,

it finds its way down to an eastern mar-

ket. When the Michigan southern and

lake reaches this place, Elkhart will fur-

nish an increased amount of freight

business for the road, probably exceed-

ing any other point in Northern Indiana.

The principal business men at present

are P. Marchess, Dr. Beardsley, E. and

B. H. Davenport, P. Keeler, S. H. Brad-

ley, and the firm of S. S. Strong and

Haldwin. A. Newton's Hotel is one of

the best to be found in the west. There

are several branches of mechanism that

are very desirable for the surrounding

country not yet carried on here. Would

many of the mechanics of our cities and

blasted villages, who are struggling

hard for their bread and butter, or a lit-

tle more, visit this village they would

find it to their benefit. It is surprising

that so many of them will continue to

cling to the eastern cities, where their

services would command double the amount

of their present wages, in some of

the had been a member of the Meth-

odist Episcopal Church in Conn., but

becoming satisfied of a more excellent

way, left them and united with the "lat-

ter day saints."—That he had sold his

farm in Wisconsin, where were his fam-

ily, and gone forth without a penny, to

declare the truth to a sinful world, but

especially to the priest-ridden sects of

Christendom. He then preached us a

short sermon full of holy zeal, and very

benevolently said to us that if we desired

it, (for we seemed to give good heed to

what he taught,) he would conduct us

down the banks of the St. Joseph and give

us the rite of Baptism, thus evidencing our

espousal of the true gospel. On asking

for the benefits that would accrue to us

be a change of faith, we were told that

if we believed, we could work miracles

and heal the sick. We then put the

question direct whether he really believed

that we could heal those on whom we

laid hands. He replied, most assuredly,

if you believe you can, and the sick one

believes also. Ah! we replied, your sys-

tem hangs on so many contingencies,

that really we can see no very marked

advantages in its favor. We of course

declined his kind offer to baptize us, and

made him good morning and rode on.

While riding through a heavy fog of

light, absorbed in a reverie of thought,

a bounding deer came dashing into the

road only a few feet before us, and, with-

out exchanging ceremonies, quickly

sought seclusion, on the thick under-

growth, on the opposite side of the way.

These innocent animals are taken in

large numbers by first being driven into

the ponds and small lakes, and then

pursued with boats and shot. Hundreds

are thus captured every year.

Who that has ever looked upon a dis-

appointed countenance wishes to repeat

the sight? It is the glaring index of

lying hope, blighted anticipations, cor-

roding care, false expectations, and a

deceitful mind. Nothing leads the eye,

wrinkles the brow, tinges the skin, fer-

vers the pulse, and burns up the marrow

of the bones, like some unutterable dis-

appointment. An individual had cel-

ebrated all his treasure together, amount-

ing to \$400, and started for the golden

placers of California. He proceeded

safely to Utica, N. Y., and while in the

station house, he had his pockets rifled

of all, by a villainous pick-pocket. He

did not miss his treasure until he had

taken his seat in a car and had left the

station, when, feeling for his only friend,

'twas not there, 'twas gone, and past re-

covery. There was only one course to

be taken, viz., to leave at the next sta-

tion, poor and penniless. This he did.